NON
SANS
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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

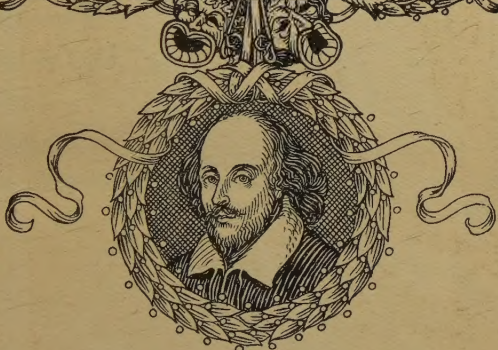
CYMBELINE

R. WESTALL, R.A. PINXT.

Imogen

SHAKESPEARE

CYMBELINE



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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

CYMBELINE.—If with *The Tempest* Shakspere meant to break his magician's wand, to bury it "certain fathoms in the earth, and deeper than did ever plummet sound" drown his book (Act V. sc. i. p. 108), he happily for the world alterd his mind. From his enchanted island in the Mediterranean and its wise ruler self-controlld, he passt to Britain, and its king, the slave of unreasoning passions. Yet it was not Lear's savage island, but a half-civilised, Romanised one. Still, like *Lear*, *Cymbeline* is a race-play, a Keltic one;[1] quick, unreasoning passion is yielded to by every leading character, by Cymbeline when he believes two villains' oaths against Belarius, and banishes him; when workt on by his beautiful, flattering wife's revenge against Posthumus, he banishes him and almost curses his daughter Imogen; when under the influence of the same wife's ambition he refuses to pay Cæsar's tribute; when he at first yields to his impulse to avenge Cloten's murder, and dooms his son Guiderius to death; by his Queen, in her revenge on Posthumus, and Imogen,

[1] See Mr. Hales's paper on *Lear* in *The Fortnightly Review*, for 1874.

and her own death; by Posthumus in his direction to kill Imogen; by Imogen in her impetuous love for Posthumus, her pretty impatience to fly to Milford-Haven, her wish for death; and by Belarius in his revenge of stealing Cymbeline's sons. With the story of British legend Shakspere wove one of those Italian novels he had so often used before, in which the quick resource and turns of Iachimo (equal Iago) are like those of Proteus and the Duke in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It would seem as if after the effort of originality in *The Tempest*, as before in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, he fell back on other men's inventions. Here, too, we may say partly his own, for in *Cymbeline*, *Lear*, *Othello*, &c., are freely used. Yet that it is a ripe play in thought, the lines—

> "Reverence, that angel of the world."
> "Those that I reverence, those I fear,
> The wise"—

are enough to show, even if the metrical structure, the number of three syllables in one measure, did not coincide with its lateness in purpose and character. The Fourth-Period doctrine, of repentance for sin, and sin's forgiveness, is the burden here; pardon's the word for all. The Italian story is from Boccaccio. Imogen is Madonna Zinevra; Bernardo Lomelin is Posthumus, and offers the wager, Ambrogiuolo da Piacenza (for Iachimo) accepts it, and by bribing a woman friend of the wife's gets into her bed-chamber in a chest, comes out when she's asleep, notes the furniture, &c., and the mole beneath her left breast, with some six little hairs as bright as gold round it,

and with this convinces the hesitating husband, who writes to his wife to come to him, and charges his servant to kill her on the road. The man lets her off, she assumes male dress, at last exposes Ambrogiuolo, and tortures him to death, but forgives her husband. The story is also in the old French *Roman de la Violette*, and *Le Compte de Poitiers*, in the old French mystery play, *Un Miracle de Notre Dame*, and in the English *Westward for Smelts* (1620), probably not used by Shakspere.[1] The links of *Cymbeline* are strongest with *Winter's Tale*, and are noticed in the comment on that play.[2] As in *The Tempest*, we have the vices of the court and the virtues of the country contrasted. As in *Lear*, we have the weak and passionate king, cruelly unjust to his noble daughter. The picture in Imogen's room is that of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, so gorgeously painted in Shakspere's play. With *Othello*, driven to jealous fury by Iago, we compare Posthumus in like case by Iachimo. With Imogen's—

> "Against self-slaughter
> There is a prohibition, so divine, that cravens
> My weak hand"—

[1] Holinshed has but little about Cymbeline that Shakspere uses. Hazlitt prints an extract, tho' without the names of the king's sons, and the payment of the Roman tribute, in his *Shakspere's Library*, Pt. I. vol. ii. pp. 194–6. See also Courtenay's *Commentaries*, vol. ii. Hazlitt likewise prints, I. ii. 179–193, abstracts of the French *Violette*, *Compte de Poitiers*, and *Miracle* stories, and of Boccaccio's Tale of Bernabo Lomellia of Genoa.

[2] See Introduction to *Winter's Tale*. Two of the links with *Pericles* are that Cymbeline's Queen is like Dionyza, and that Pericles and Posthumus both have visions, while asleep, of the way out of their difficulties. (*Mulier*, from *mollis uer*, is from Caxton's *Game of the Chesse*.—E. Scott.)

we compare Hamlet's—

> " Oh, that the Everlasting had not fixt
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

With Belarius's account of country life and town we compare the Duke's in *As You Like It*, and with the description of how Imogen is to act the man, the like passages in *As You Like It*, *The Merchant*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The lovely picture of Imogen in bed takes us back to that of Lucrece, and Iachimo likens himself to Tarquin; and the separation of Imogen and Posthumus to come together again, as she thinks, at Milford-Haven, or at any rate her impatience to join her husband, may be contrasted with Juliet's passionate desire to have Romeo in her arms. Imogen echoes Adriana's words in the *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. p. 36, " Poor I am but his stale," and the foolish Cloten makes to himself, II. iii. p. 63, Sir Toby Belch's excuse for his late staying-up: " I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early." (See *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. p. 53.) As Cymbeline is mainly a fool, and his Queen altogether a villain, we turn to the hero and heroine of the play, Posthumus and Imogen. And although the accounts of the Gentleman in the first scene, and Iachimo in the fifth, lead us to expect a perfect character, yet Posthumus shows himself, as he says, " a most credulous fool," sooner convinced than Othello, unable to see how poor the evidence of his wife's guilt is, till Philario shows him. He has none of Othello's noble wrath against his tempter, during the temptation scene; and his abuse of all women on his false and groundless

suspicion of one is mean. But his repentance is as full, as his sin has been great. Once and again he desires death for Imogen. He feels that nothing is too great to carry out his atonement for his sin against her. We wish we could have been spared his striking of his page-wife to the ground, but it was because he thought she scornd herself; forgiven, he forgives, and teaches Cymbeline to forgive too. Imogen is one of those characters whom it is impertinence to praise. With all Juliet's impetuous affection and wealth of fancy—

> "Ere I could
> Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
> Betwixt two charming words,—comes in my father
> And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
> Shakes all our buds from growing"—

she is nobler, wiser far. To judge of her height above Posthumus, compare her receiving of Iachimo's assertions of Posthumus's infidelity, with Posthumus's receiving of those against her. Note her noble indignation against Iachimo's base proposals to her, in which the princess as well as the wife speaks. Then the clever turn of Iachimo, and his instant pacifying of her by his praise of her husband. Passionate though her nature is, Posthumus yet bears witness to her restraint of him.[1] Her love for him again breaks out in her defence of him against Cloten's abuse; and great is the unconscious pathos of her words on her lost bracelet:—

> "I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
> That I kiss aught but he."

[1] Compare this with Othello's like words on Desdemona.

Her husband's consciousness of her love is shown in his letter to her, like Antonio's to Bassanio in *The Merchant*—"What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow." She calls for a "horse with wings," she who, like Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, can only ride of miles "one score 'twixt sun and sun." Then, when, instead of clasping her husband in her arms, she hears his slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword, her pathetic answer, "False to his bed! what is it to be false?" (like Sonnet 61), prepares us for her willingness, like Viola's, that her master's bidding should be done, and her life given up to his base wish. Then comes her meeting with her unknown brothers, her death, like Juliet's, for a time, and the song so little adapted to Euriphile but so fit for her, and in part for Shakspere himself, that her brothers sing over her supposed corpse. But she rises again, not like Juliet to sink into the grave, but to re-live her life more truly than before, the queen, the life, the wife, of the husband she has lifted to herself, the daughter of the father of whose comfort she was great part, the sister of the brothers to whom she had been as the sweet smell of eglantine.

Munro adds:—"Anachronism, which is to be found in most of the later plays of Shakspere, is very evident in *Cymbeline*. Mr. Lee says: 'With an almost ludicrous inappropriateness the British king's courtiers [contemporary with Augustus Cæsar] make merry with technical terms peculiar to Calvinistic theology, like "grace" and "election."'[1] The plot itself is exceedingly

[1] Lee's *Life of William Shakspere*, 1899, p. 203.

complex and detaild, and its impossibility in the world of actual life should not blind our eyes to the genius which has woven its different strands into so fine a tapestry. The British legend is taken from Holinshed[1]; the story of Italian intrigue comes from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, Day 2, Novel 9; the story of Belarius and his foster-sons, whose life in the mountains makes pleasant contrast with the court life shown to us, is perhaps Shakspere's own. But Dr. Gollancz points out that, besides the acknowledged sources for the plot, above-mentiond, Shakspere was probably indebted to the old folk-tale of 'Little Snow-White,' or 'Snow-Drop,' for certain of his incidents, viz., (1) the story of the wicked step-dame; (2) the stealing of the princes, and their woodland life; (3) Fidele's life in the cave with them, her supposed death and her awakening.[2]

"'Little Snow-White' is actually a variant of the wicked stepmother stories. Our present version is from Grimm, but a similar story was probably well-known in Shakspere's time. According to Grimm, Snow-White's father, a king, married a second wife, who, contrary to the usual stepmother, was exceed-

[1] "Holinshed's *Chronicles*," says Boswell-Stone (*Shakespeare's Holinshed*, 1907, p. 6), contain all the historical or pseudo-historical matter which appears in Shakspere's *Tragedie of Cymbeline*.

"The historic Cunobelinus, son of Tasciovanus, was a King of the Britons, whose capital was Camulodunum (Colchester). In A.D. 40, Cunobelin's son Adminius, whom he had banished, made a submission to Caligula which the Emperor affected to regard as equivalent to a surrender of the whole island, but nothing was then done to assert the imperial authority. Cunobelin was dead when, in A.D. 43, Aulus Plautius was sent by Claudius to subdue Britain; and the Romans were opposed by the late king's sons Togodumnus and the renowned Caractacus. These are the sole authentic particulars relating to Cunobelin, beside the evidence derived from his coins."

[2] *Cymbeline*, ed. Gollancz, Temple Edition, p. xi.

ingly beautiful, but who, in common with her class, was exceedingly spiteful. The new queen was very vain and possesst a mirror which extolld her fairness whenever she gazed into it. As Snow-White grew up, however, her beauty surpasst that of the queen, and the mirror declared so. This the stepmother would not tolerate; she therefore instructed a servant to take the child into the woods and get rid of it. Snow-White was taken, but appeald so hard for her life that the servant was toucht and allowd her to wander away: Finally she came upon a lonely cottage (in some versions she arrives at a cave), wherein she found seven of everything necessary, including seven beds, in one of which she lay down and slept. The seven dwarfs who ownd the cottage and who workt among the mountains, speedily arrivd and discoverd her. They admird her beauty, as Belarius does Imogen's, III. vi. p. 117, and took turns in sleeping and watching in order to guard her. They pitied her, and told her she might remain with them if she would keep house for them, and cook, wash, knit, and spin. This she did, as Imogen, or Fidele, cooks for Guiderius and Arviragus. But the stepmother's glass still told her of the child's superior beauty, and she pursued her in the woods, and found her in the cottage, when the dwarfs were absent. This time she attempted to stop her breath, but the child subsequently revivd, and the glass repeated its former verdict that Snow-White was more beautiful than the queen. The queen again sought the child in the woods, and induced her to take a poisond comb. The comb was subsequently removd

by the dwarfs, and the glass again spoke. The third time the queen persuaded the child to bite a poisond apple. The mirror then declared the queen's beauty supreme. The body of the young girl was placed by the dwarfs in a glass coffin, and set by them in the mountains, where one of them guarded it. Snow-White sufferd no decay, and remaind as fresh as if she had sustaind no change. Eventually a young prince, the usual *deus ex machina* in these stories, beggd her body from the dwarfs. Immediately he essayd to lift the coffin from the ground, little Snow-White regaind consciousness. Needless to say, the prince wedded her. The similarity between this story and part of Imogen's fortunes is apparent.

"All these different narratives, incongruous as they may seem, are woven together into a beautiful dramatic story, full of diversity of scene, of incident and of character. The parts are fitted together so featly, and one situation, through the characters which take part in it, leads so naturally to another, that the primitive incongruity of the sources is disguisd and conceald.

"Pisanio has never had true justice done him by the critics. If Iachimo is the spirit of evil in the play, Pisanio is the instrument of good. Given such a man in *Othello*, the Moor might have ended his days in peace, in reconciliation with his wife. Pisanio understands the Queen's true character and acts up to it; and but for the incident in which he gives Imogen the sleeping-potion, he displays throughout a shrewdness and capability, combind with a faith-

fulness and nobility, which win him to us. He is made the instrument of Posthumus's wrath, but is faithful enough to disobey him; he sets Imogen on her way towards the man she loves, and helps her nobly; he disposes of Cloten in a wild-goose chase which rids the world of him for ever. As Beatrice in *Much Ado* knows Hero's virtue and stands by her, so Pisanio knows Imogen's virtue and stands by her, too.

"Pisanio did good knowingly. His opposite is the Queen, whose infamy frightens her into confession on her bed of death. It is strange that all but Cymbeline know her true character, but it illustrates his hasty Keltic spirit. All her promises of help and service are devices which do not deceive those whom she hates. Her determination to be rid of Pisanio is a tribute to his worth and consequence. Towards Imogen she plays the part of the traditional stepmother, plotting and scheming for her son against all else. As her life had been cunning and treacherous, death came to her with horror and madness, and she left the world in its new era of joy, triumphant over the evils with which she had attempted to plague it.

"The secret of her son Cloten's character is his conceit. The child of the Queen, as he was, he had alike her disposition towards evil and the possibility of her keen intellect. But a third element in her character, that which had led her to flatter Cymbeline for her place as his wife, her self-esteem and her pride, had in him conquerd all other tendencies. The possession of intellect necessitates application and

training; Cloten's high opinion of himself prevented his development in this way, and ruind his character. That he had a good brain one may see by the aptness of his remarks at court; and that his besetting and corrupting vice was conceit may be seen in the way in which he refers every question to his own person, bursts into anger, and thinks himself a match for Posthumus, continually proclaims his own powers and capabilities, and considers himself above all other mortals by reason of his position as son to the Queen. He must have been, moreover, a fine big man; he wears the garments of Posthumus, and his headless body is mistaken by Imogen for that of her husband. He basely woos Imogen after her husband's departure; he descends to oaths on the bowling-green; and he believes in the powers of gold, and tells us its basest uses.

"It is held to be a commonplace to say that Iachimo is another Iago. Truth to tell, however, there is a wide difference between these two men; both are types of that subtle Italian intellect which has its highest and finest exposition in the works of Machiavelli; both will seek evil because of a natural inclination towards it; both are masters of innuendo and suggestion; but we see at once the difference between them when we note that Iachimo was capable of repentance. Iachimo has been to Britain and believes he has seen Posthumus there. He readily seizes the chances of intrigue when they are offerd him. He is greatly impresst with the beauty of Imogen, and afterwards pays great tributes to her virtue and

goodness. With a deliberate cunning he hits her in her most vulnerable part by telling her of Posthumus's merriment, and he gradually makes headway with an abominable tissue of spun-out lies. Repulst, however, by his victim's virtue, he has recourse to artifice rather than acknowledge himself beaten. In the final scene, he confesses, as Iago could never confess, and kneels, as Iago could never kneel, to beg forgiveness.

"In considering Cymbeline himself, one's mind naturally reverts to Lear, the other Keltic king who wrongfully punisht his daughter: Lear cut off himself and her inheritance from Cordelia; but Cymbeline robd his child of her husband, her happiness and her freedom: and yet, in comparing the deeds of the two men, and blaming them, one must remember that while Lear's action sprang from his pride and wrath, Cymbeline's sprang from the suggestion of his false, deceitful queen. She is, while she lives, the reason of his crimes; for her sake he receives her ignoble son Cloten, whose character he should know, and for her sake he basely consents to wed Imogen to Cloten when Posthumus is banisht. Even after her death, his rashness is once more manifest, but true to his Keltic nature, if he speedily condemns, he speedily and wholly forgives, and, we may believe, deeply repents.

"Posthumus, like Bertram, is unworthy of his love, and yet, we have no hesitation in proclaiming him, as the gentleman at the play's beginning proclaims him, a noble man. He is brave and resolute; his faults spring from his credulity, and his conduct, on believing Imogen's guilt, shows how dear he has held

her. The future of Helena and Bertram in *All's Well*, is somewhat doubtful, but the future of Imogen and Posthumus, is beyond question; if ever a man sincerely repented, Posthumus does; if ever a man made amends, Posthumus will: pardond himself, he pardons, and the promise of the future is given in his words to Iachimo:—

> 'Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
> The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
> And deal with others better.'

"Imogen, like other of Shakspere's women in his later plays, is tried by the strongest temptation and spurns it from her, illustrating in this a difference between woman and man. Posthumus is credulous and assailable; she is impregnable. Her sorrow in her bereavement is deep and heavy. She has books and reads in bed. She understands the Queen, and tells Cloten plainly he's a fool. She is bold and would do all things for her love, but like Viola she is timorous and fears a sword. Her awakening from the potion-induced sleep takes us back to Juliet; Imogen awoke by Posthumus's dead body, as she thought, and Juliet by the side of Romeo, but lately dead. Wrongd as Imogen is, she forgives freely; struck as she is, she clings to her husband. As we see them both, in the day of their reconciliation, we may look forward into the future with confidence and gladness.

"Critics have usually held that the Vision of Posthumus in Act V. sc. iv. was by another hand than

Shakspere's. The concluding lines, however, spoken by Sicilius, seem like Shakspere's hand, and we have to remember that the prophecy of Jupiter in the Vision is interpreted by the Soothsayer in the final scene. Posthumus's speeches on the Vision, both in Act V. sc. iv., and Act V. sc. v. (p. 190), do not seem to be an interpolation and are Shaksperian in style. Whether the lines spoken by the dream-figures are by Shakspere or not, there is a probability that the lines were inserted by him, and that the introduction of the Vision was part of the original scheme of the play.

"*Cymbeline* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is the last play, and classt among the Tragedies. Dr. Simon Forman saw it acted at the 'Globe,' as we learn from his Diary, some time in 1610 or 1611. The date of the play is probably 1609–10. In the dramatic action twelve days are represented on the stage with many intervals (Daniel's 'Analysis,' *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, pp. 249–50).

"In regard to the season of the play Ellacombe says: 'Here there is a . . . distinct plant-note of the season of Act I. sc. v. The queen and her ladies 'while yet the dew's on ground, gather flowers,' which at the end of the scene we are told are violets, cowslips, and primroses, the flowers of the spring. In the fourth Act Lucius gives orders to 'find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,' to make a grave for Cloten; but daisies are too long in flower to let us attempt to fix a date by them." (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6, p. 74.)

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *Husband to Imogen.*
BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*
PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *Italians.* *Friend to Posthumus, Friend to Philario,*
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*
CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *A Lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, Attendants.
Apparitions.

SCENE.—Sometimes in BRITAIN, sometimes in ROME

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace

Enter two Gentlemen

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king

2 *Gent.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife 's sole son—a widow,
That late he married—hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touched at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banished—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What 's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,
In 's spring became a harv'st: he lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved;
A sample to the young'st, to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so conveyed,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*
Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little.
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love :
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—[*Putting on the ring.*]
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords*

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you:
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
O, thou shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:

I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN

[*To the* QUEEN.] They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Enter PISANIO

Queen. Fie!—you must give way.
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Public Place

Enter Cloten *and two Lords*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, 'His queen, his queen!'

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,—comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatched.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had

very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that

time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant—qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring

from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till you return. Let there be covenants drawn between 's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace

Enter QUEEN, *Ladies, and* CORNELIUS

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging — but none human—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To* PISANIO.] Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans;
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

[*The* QUEEN *drops the box:* PISANIO *takes it up.*
Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five time times redeemed from death : I do not
know
What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her : do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISANIO.]—A sly and
constant knave,
Not to be shaked ; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO *and Ladies*

So, so ;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet.—Fare thee, well Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same

Enter IMOGEN

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*—
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady,—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyéd will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,—ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach Thanks, madam, well.—
[*To* PISANIO] 'Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him, he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries, 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assuréd bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heaven knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I count his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But

It is an office of the gods to venge it:
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I—damned then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O, dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partnered
With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play for gold with all infirmities
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boiled stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged:
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit.—Blesséd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his; and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest-mannered; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honoured with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing,—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value 's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia

I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Britain. Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth.—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come ; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in 't ?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.—

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banished lord and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—IMOGEN'S Bedchamber; a Trunk in one corner of it

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending*

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design!
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[Taking off her bracelet.
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down,
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III.—An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment

Enter Cloten *and Lords*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with

your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is.
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN

Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but* CLOTEN.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 't is gold
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!—
[*Exit.*

Enter IMOGEN

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none :
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figured knot,
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment'?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and angered worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kisséd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Clo. You have abused me:—

'His meanest garment'?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged.—
'His meanest garment'?—Well. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Rome. In Philario's House

Enter Posthumus *and* Philario

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these seared hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission thoroughly; and, I think,
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I 've looked upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Iach. 'T is very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain: for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess,

Had that was well worth watching,—it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wondered
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour !—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !—
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
And now 't is up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that :
She stripped it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me,
And said, she prized it once.

Post. May be, she plucked it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O! no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this too; [*Giving the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there 's beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true;—nay, keep the ring,—'t is true, I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—they induced to steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoyed her:
The cognisance of her incontinency
Is this:—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life
I kissed it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold.
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I 'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb meal!
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beside
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. Another Room in Philario's House

Enter POSTHUMUS

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife

The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunned snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cried, 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all: but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them.—Yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, *and Lords, from one side ; and from the other,* Caius Lucius *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbéd and paléd in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame,—
The first that ever touched him,—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light: else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's ambition,
Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordained our laws whose use the sword of Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gathered honour;
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent,
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Another Room in the Palace

Enter Pisanio, *reading a letter*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous tongued as handed hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punished for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—'Do 't. The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damned paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee. Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord—Leonatus.
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love:—of his content
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*] *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

O, let me bate !—but not like me ;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind :—O ! not like me,
For mine 's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blesséd Milford : and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven : but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse :—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak.
How many score of miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say,

She 'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding-suit no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Wales A Mountainous Country, with a Cave

Enter from the cave Belarius, *then* Guiderius, *and* Arviragus

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arched so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service so being done,
But being so allowed: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk,—
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine
Yet keeps his book uncrossed. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger

I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well, what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's marked
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Followed my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though trained up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,'—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark! the game is roused.—
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience know
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
At three and two years old I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father.—The game's up.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Near Milford-Haven

Enter Pisanio *and* Imogen

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er longed my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man,
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!
That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me if thy faith be not tainted*

with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No; 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness, Iachimo:

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped :—to pieces with me !—O !
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, not born where 't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false ; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men :
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.—
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something 's afore 't:—soft, soft! we 'll no defence:
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betrayed

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturbed court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never

Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have considered of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curséd injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan?

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be missed at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthúmus; so nigh, at least,
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman its pretty self,—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit—
'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy, which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music, doubtless
With joy he will embrace you ; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There 's more to be considered, but we 'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen. I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *Lords, and Attendants*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* Lucius *and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthúmus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her.
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrained, by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wished me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, winged with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthúmus. Gone she is,
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son?

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside.*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she has all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her: for, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word—or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word:—no more of 'worthy lord'!—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthúmus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthúmus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same

suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain, Posthúmus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very 'garment' of Posthúmus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: 'would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed
Be crossed with slowness: labour be his meed.
[*Exit*

Scene VI.—Before the Cave of Belarius

Enter Imogen, *in boy's clothes*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder;
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant,
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Enters the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I 'm throughly weary.

Arv. I 'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave: we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave.*] Stay: come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What 's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I 'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man: I 'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
[*Aside.*] If brothers! 'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Rome. A Public Place

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Wales. The Forest near the Cave

Enter CLOTEN

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit

his 'garments' serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, saving reverence of the word, for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber I mean,—the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is? Posthúmus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy 'garments' cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—Before the Cave

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen

Bel. [*To* Imogen.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To* Imogen.] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report.
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit* IMOGEN.

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cuts our roots
In characters;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mocked me.—I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he.—We are held as outlaws:—hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near; pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were 't Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel. No companies abroad?
Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favour

Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute,
'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads where, thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 't will be revenged.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't; though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou 'st robbed me of this deed: I would revenges
That possible strength might meet would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 't is done.
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock :
You and Fidele play the cooks ; I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I 'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed ! Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

Gui. Where 's my brother ?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead in his arms*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, but laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so :
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,

Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet—Reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father has a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finished joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renownéd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now withered; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven: which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of* CLOTEN.
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forgéd letters,—damned Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?
'T is he, and Cloten: Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant,
pregnant.
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer*

Cap. To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:

They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy: most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision,—
I fast, and prayed, for their intelligence,—thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams: which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us, and he shall be interred,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—In Cymbeline's Palace

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords*, Pisanio, *and Attendants*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life 's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To* PISANIO.] We 'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !
I am amazed with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you 're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all but* PISANIO.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all: the Heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Before the Cave

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither : what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Britain. A Field between the British and Roman Camps

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,

And make me blessed to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress. Peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter, at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, *and the Roman Army: at the other side, the British Army;* Leonatus Posthumus *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* Iachimo *and* Posthumus: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me. Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight !

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons ; they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-winked.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turned strangely : or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did ;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched and walled with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!'—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing—with this word, 'Stand, stand!'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turned
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charmed,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly
monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him ;
For, being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death :
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains and Soldiers

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is
taken.
'T is thought, the old man and his sons were
angels,
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 't is reported;

But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman Captives. The Captains present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler; after which, all go out*

SCENE IV.—A Prison

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two Gaolers*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n; you've locks upon you:
So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired, more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coined it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies :
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stayed
Attending nature's law.

Whose father then, as men report,
Thou, orphans' father, art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline performed:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turned?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt ; the Ghosts fall on their knees*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing : hush !—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;
No care of yours it is : you know, 't is ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stooped, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blessed fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is entered
His radiant roof,—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I wake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,—
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O
rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoler

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor-and-creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge —Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I 'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves

desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Cymbeline's Tent

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle : I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies*

There 's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yea, and in time—
When she had fitted you with her craft—to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; opened, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind; and* IMOGEN

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why nor wherefore
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack
There's other work in hand. (*Looking on* IACHIMO.)
I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—

Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To* IACHIMO.] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What 's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel
Whom thou didst banish; and,—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter!—what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast—O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthúmus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
húmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, therein
He was as calm as virtue, he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being
made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wagered with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honoured finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend !—Ah me ! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't :—the temple
Of Virtue was she, yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me ; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus ; and
Be villainy less than 't was ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ! hear, hear !

Post. Shall 's have a play of this ! Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

Pis. O gentlemen, help

Mine and your mistress.—O, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honoured lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignéd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforced from me, away he posts,
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard.*] Let his arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—By leave;
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was called
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,
For such and so they are, these twenty years
Have I trained up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty

Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blessed pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To* Belarius.] Thou art my brother: so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling.*] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;

Joyed are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle backed,
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*

Luc. Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To* CYMBELINE.] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived.
To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke

Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanished : which foreshowed our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blessed altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 29. Though ink be made of gall.—Recipes for making ink show that ox-gall was sometimes one of the ingredients in Shakspere's time.

I. ii. p. 34. **It went o' the backside the town.**—It skirted round the outlying parts of Cloten's person, like a debtor striving to avoid his creditors.

I. iv. p. 40. **To go even with what I heard.**—To accept the guidance of 'others' experiences.'

I. vi. p. 52. **Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed, &c.**—Debauchery, contrasted with such absolute excellence, would not only make Lust loath to indulge, but would turn it to utter disgust.

I. vi. p. 54. **In himself, 'tis much, &c.**—That he is not thankful to Heaven for his own gifts is much; but that he is careless of you, his priceless gift, moves me to wonder and pity.

I. vi. p. 55. **What both you spur and stop.**—What you seem eager to utter, and yet still keep back.

I. vi. p. 55. **Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as with labour.**—Made hard by continual clasping, as though by labour.

II. i. p. 60. **Kissed the Jack.**—A term in the game of bowls for the successful hitting of the small ball at which aim is taken.

II. ii. p. 64. **How dearly they do't.** — How exquisitely her ruby lips meet in a kiss.

II. ii. p. 65. **The Gordian knot.**—Alexander the Great solved the problem of the celebrated knot which could not be untied, by cutting it asunder.

II. ii. p. 65. **The tale of Tereus.**—After concealing his wife Procne, Tereus wooed Philomela, and eventually succeeded in overcoming her resistance.

II. ii. p. 65. **Dragons of the night.**—Owing to the fact that serpents sleep with open eyes, winged serpents, symbolising untiring watchfulness, were fabled to draw the Car of Night.

II. ii. p. 65. **Bare the raven's eye.**—The raven was said to be the first bird to wake, in the earliest dawn.

II. iii. p. 69. **Diana's rangers.**—Nymphs dedicated to chastity. Diana was the goddess of both hunting and chastity; her nymphs are the guardians of her deer—*i.e.* of their chastity.

II. iii. p. 73. **The south-fog rot him!**—All kinds of pestilences and contagious diseases were believed to be borne on the south winds.

Cf. "A south-west blow on ye, and blister you all o'er."
The Tempest: I. ii. p. 39.

II. iv. p. 78. **So likely to report themselves.**—Telling their own story with such vividness.

III. ii. p. 89. **I am ignorant in what I am commanded.**—I must feign ignorance of this deed I am commanded to perform.

III. ii. p. 90. **In dangerous bonds, &c.**—Who have accepted bonds entailing a penalty in case of forfeiture. Imogen contrasts the defaulter's feeling for the bees whose wax seals his bond, with the lover's gratitude to them for the same substance that "clasps" his mistress's letters.

III. iii. p. 93. **Gain the cap, &c.**—Receive the obsequious salutations of the unpaid vendor of silk, at whose expense they are decked out, although his book still records the debt.

III. iii. p. 94. **What air's from home.**—What air is like away from home, abroad.

III. iv. p. 100. **Whose mother was her painting.**—The origin of whose charm lies solely in her painted face. Who is 'made' by her painting.

III. iv. p. 100. **False Æneas**—*i.e.* in his desertion and betrayal of Dido.

III. iv. p. 100. Sinon.—The traitor who persuaded Priam to admit into Troy the wooden horse filled with Grecian soldiers.

III. iv. p. 104. **Dark as your fortune is.**—Consonant with your obscure rank.

III. iv. p. 105. **Pretty and full of view.**—Befitting, and affording ample opportunity of observation.

III. vi. p. 116. **To lapse in fulness.**—To be false in the midst of abundance.

IV. i. p. 122. **The advantage of the time.**—The prestige of social position.

IV. ii. p. 123. **So citizen a wanton.**—So pampered and effeminate, like a city harlot.

IV. ii. p. 132. **I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood.**—I would 'bleed' a whole parish of such fellows as this Cloten.

IV. ii. p. 134. **Not as death's dart, being laughed at.**—Not as though struck by death's dart, since he laughed.

IV. ii. p. 139. **Hecuba.**—Mother of Hector, who cursed the Greeks for the loss of her son, slain by Achilles at the taking of Troy.

IV. ii. p. 141. **Sienna's brother.**—Iachimo, brother of the ruler of Sienna.

IV. iii. p. 146. **I heard no letter.**—A mixture of 'I had no letter' and 'I have heard no news.'

V. i. p. 150. **Makes them dread it, to the doer's thrift.**—Makes the doers dread the consequences, such fear being to their advantage by causing repentance while there is yet time.

V. iii. p. 154. **Of his wings destitute.**—A passage in Holinshed's *History of Scotland* evidently furnished

the description of this incident. After relating how the Roman army was stopped by three persons, a man Hay and his two sons, Holinshed says: "Haie beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valiancie in the middleward, now *destitute of the wings.*"

V. iv. p. 159. **If of my freedom . . . . than my all.**—If my absolution can only be obtained on that condition, pray let me give no less complete satisfaction than my all—my life.

V. iv. p. 160. **Cancel these cold bonds.**—Release these grievous fetters upon my conscience.

V. iv. p. 164. **His ascension is more sweet than our blessed fields.**—He ascends with a sweeter odour than rises from the flowers of the Elysian fields.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY

GLOSSARY

Abode: "desire my man's ——," bid my servant stay. I. vi. p. 52.

Absolute: positive. IV. ii. p. 129.

Abuse: deceive. I. vi. p. 56; IV. ii. p. 141.

Abused: deceived. I. iv. p. 43; III. iv. p. 102.

Act: action. I. v. p. 46.

Adjourned: deferred. V. iv. p. 162.

Admiration: wonder, astonishment. I. iv. p. 38; I. vi. p. 52.

Adorer: worshipper. I. iv. p. 41.

Adventured: ventured. I. vi. p. 58.

Advice: reflection. I. i. p. 32.

Affected: loved, desired. V. v. p. 170.

Affiance: fidelity. I. vi. p. 58.

Affirmation: "bloody ——," sealing it with his blood. I. iv. p. 41.

Affront: encounter. IV. iii. p. 146.

Afric: Africa. I. i. p. 33.

After: in obedience to. IV. ii. p. 140.

After-eye: gaze after. I. iii. p. 36.

Allowed: approved, well received. III. iii. p. 93.

Amazed with matter: confused with so many affairs. IV. iii. p. 145.

Ancient: old. V. iii. p. 154.

Andirons: iron bars with ornamented front ends, on which logs were burned. II. iv. p. 79.

Annoy: harm. IV. iii. p. 146.

Answer: accord with, harmonise with. IV. ii. p. 133; reward, punishment. IV. iv. p. 147; retaliation. V. iii. p. 157.

Answered: followed up, supported. V. iii. p. 158.

Ape: imitator. II. ii. p. 65.

Approbation: probation, proof. I. iv. p. 43.

Approve: prove. IV. ii. p. 143; V. v. p. 180.

Approvers: "their ——," those who test their courage. II. iv. p. 75.

Arabian bird: the phœnix, of which one only was reputed to exist at a time. II. iv. p. 51.

Arm him: lift him up in your arms. IV. ii. p. 144.

Arras: hangings of tapestry. II. ii. p. 64.

Atone: reconcile. I. iv. p. 40.

Attemptable: open to temptation. I. iv. p. 41.

Attending: giving services. III. iii. p. 93; awaiting. V. iv. p. 160.

Averring: confirming. V. v. p. 178.

Avoid! Avaunt! begone! I. i. p. 30.

Backed: upon the back of. V. v. p. 190.

Base: the country game of 'prisoner's base.' V. iii. p. 154.

Basilisk: a fabulous serpent, supposed to strike dead with a glance. II. iv. p. 80.

Bate: rebate, qualify. III. ii. p. 91.

Bay: bark at. V. v. p. 179.

Beastly: beast-like. III. iii. p 94; V. iii. p. 154.

Behalf: 'run in the clock's ——,' serve the purpose of a clock (*i.e.* in an hour-glass). III. ii. p. 91.
Belch: cast forth. III. v. p. 114.
Bent: expression. I. i. p. 24.
Beseeming: appearance. V. v. p. 189.
Bloods: dispositions. I. i. p. 23.
Bold: confident. II. iv. p. 74.
Bondage: faithfulness. II. vi. p. 80.
Book: tablet. V. iv. p. 165.
Brain not: "tongue and ——," speak without understanding. V. iv. p. 165.
Brands: "depending on their ——," resting on their torches. II. iv. p. 79.
Bravely: beautifully. II. ii. p. 64.
Bravery: 'state of defiance.' III. i. p. 85.
Brawns: arms. IV. ii. p. 139.
Breeding: term of life. V. iii. p. 154.
Bring: escort. I. i. p. 33.
Brogues: "clouted ——," hob-nail shoes or boots. IV. ii. p. 134.
Bugs: bugbears, deadly terrors. V. iii. p. 156.
By-dependencies: accessory circumstances. V. v. p. 188.
By-peeping: glancing aside. I. vi. p. 55.
Calves'-guts: fiddle-strings. II. iii. p. 67.
Capon: castrated cock, here used contemptuously, and also with a quibble on *cap on*, 'cox-comb.' II. ii. p. 61.
Carl: churl. V. iii. p. 152.
Carriage: "your ——," conveying you. III. iv. p. 106.
Cased: masked, covered. V. iii. p. 154.
Cave-keeper: cave-dweller. IV. ii. p. 139.
Century: hundred. IV. ii. p. 143.
Certainty: inevitable consequence. IV. iv. p. 148.
Chance: event. V. v. p. 188.
Change you: you change colour. I. vi. p. 50.
Characters: handwriting. III. ii. p. 89; letters of the alphabet. IV. ii. p. 125.
Charge: command, overpower. III. iv. p. 99.
Charmed: magically protected. V. iii. p. 156.
Charming: having a magical power of protection. I. iii. p. 37; prevailing as by magical power. V. iii. p. 155.
Check: rebuke. III. iii. p. 93.
Cinque spotted: having five spots. II. ii. p. 65.
Circumstances: circumstantial account. II. iv. p. 77.
Civil: civilised. III. vi. p. 116.
Clean: completely. III. vi. p. 116.
Clipped: embraced, covered. II. iii. p. 78.
Close: secret. III. v. p. 112.
Cloth: uniform. II. iii. p. 72.
Clotpoll: head. IV. ii. p. 133.
Cloys: claws, trims with his claws. V. iv. p. 164.
Cognisance: visible proof. II. iv. p. 81.
Collection of: inference from. V. v. p. 190.
Colour: right seeming. III. i. p. 86.
Colours: prestige, influence. I. iv. p. 39.
Comfort: happiness. V. v. p. 188.
Commends: delivers. III. vii. p. 121.
Commendation: letter of introduction. I. iv. p. 44.
Common-kissing Titan: the sun, which *kisses* all alike. III. iv. p. 105.
Companion: worthless fellow. II. i. p. 61.
Company: accompany. V. v. p. 189.
Compare: assume comparison. I. i. p. 25.
Conclusions: experiments. I. v. p. 46.
Condition: character. V. v. p. 177.
Conduct: escort. III. v. p. 107.

Confections: medicinal preparations. I. v. p. 46; V. v. p. 180.
Confident: "three thousand ——"; with the assurance of three thousand. V. iii. p. 155.
Confiners: borderers. IV. ii. p. 141.
Confounded: destroyed I. iv. p. 40.
Conscience: conviction. II. ii. p. 65.
Consider: reward. II. iii. p. 67.
Constant-qualified: of proved constancy. I. iv. p. 41.
Construction: interpretation. V. v. p. 190.
Containing: contents. V. v. p. 190.
Conveyed: stolen. I. i. p. 27.
Convince: conquer, overpower. I. iv. p. 42.
Cordial: tonic, revivifying. I. v. p. 49.
Counterchange: answering look. V. v. p. 188.
Country base: the game of 'prisoner's base.' V. iii. p. 154.
Cracked: boasted. IV. ii. p. 177.
Crare: a slow barge-like coasting vessel. IV. ii. p. 134.
Credit: faith in his integrity. I. vi. p. 58.
Creeps: "how —— acquaintance?" by what stealthy means have you become acquainted? I. iv. p. 39.
Crescent note: increasing reputation. I. iv. p. 38.
Curious: anxious. I. vi. p. 59; elaborate. V. v. p. 186.
Cutter: carver, sculptor. II. iv. p. 78.
Cydnus: a river in Asia Minor. II. iv. p. 78.
Cytherea: the goddess of love, Venus. II. ii. p. 64.
Dear: distressing, intensely-felt. V. v. p. 186.
Decay: destroy. I. v. p. 48.
Defect: abuse (in the sense of 'over-caution'). IV. ii. p. 129.
Delicate: ingenious, subtle. V. v. p. 170.
Delighted: delightful. V. iv. p. 163.
Depend: "does yet ——"; hangs in suspense, remains over you. IV. iii. p. 145.
Desperate: upon a —— bed'; ill almost to the point of death. IV. iii. p. 144.
Differing multitudes: wavering, fickle mobs. III. vi. p. 120.
Discover: tell, confess. I. vi. p. 55; III. v. p. 112.
Disedged: surfeited. III. iv. p. 102.
Doomed: sentenced. V. v. p. 189.
Doubting: expecting, fearing that. I. vi. p. 55.
Drawn: emptied. V. iv. p. 166.
Drug-damned: detested for its poisonous drug. III. iv. p. 98.
Elder: elder-tree. IV. ii. p. 126; succeeding year. V. i. p. 150.
Election: choice. I. ii. p. 35.
Empery: empire. I. vi. p. 56.
Enchafed: aroused. IV. ii. p. 132.
Encounter: rejoin. I. iii. p. 37.
Enlargement: liberty. II. iii. p. 72.
Entertain me: accept me in your service. IV. ii. p. 144.
Even: make the most of. III. iv. p. 106; a moment. III. vi. p. 116.
Event: result. III. v. p. 108.
Ever: constant, always ready. I. iv. p. 40.
Exhibition: "self ——"; very allowance. I. vi. p. 56.
Exorciser: used in the classical sense for 'one who raises spirits,' —not one who lays them. IV. ii. p. 138.
Extend: magnify. I. iv. p. 39.
Extend him within himself: extol him well within the bounds of his own merits. I. i. p. 25.
Extremity: agony. III. iv. p. 98.
Fall: failure in honour. III. iv. p. 100.
Fall'n off: revolted. III. vii. p. 121.

False: perjure. II. iii. p. 69.
Fan: winnow. I. vi. p. 58.
Fangled: gaudily decked. V. iv. p. 165.
Fast: fasted. IV. ii. p. 141.
Favour: "case of ——"; question of mere beauty. I. vi. p. 52; features. IV. ii. p. 128; face. V. v. p. 173.
Fearful: full of fear, terrifying. III. iv. p. 99.
Feat: dexterous, deft. V. v. p. 172.
Feated: fashioned. I. i. p. 26.
Feature: form, contour. V. v. p. 177.
Fell: fierce, cruel. IV. ii. p. 129.
Fellows: equals. III. iv. p. 102.
Feodary: accomplice. III. ii. p. 89.
Fetch: take. I. i. p. 28; '—— in,' capture. IV. ii. p. 130.
Fierce: hurried, hasty. V. v. p. 187.
Fit: procured. III. iv. p. 106.
Fitment: suitable costume, befitting equipment. V. v. p. 189.
Fitted: prepared. V. v. p. 171.
Foot: kick. III. v. p. 114.
For all: finally, once for all. II. iii. p. 71.
For food: for want of food. III. vi. p. 116.
Fore-end: former part. III. iii. p. 96.
Forespent: formerly lavished. II. iii. p. 69.
Forestall: deprive. III. v. p. 111.
Fore-thinking: foreseeing. III. iv. p. 106.
Forfend: forbid. V. v. p. 183.
Forlorn: missing. V. v. p. 189.
Foundations: fixed places (with quibbling allusion to 'charitable institutions'). III. vi. p. 116.
Fragments: scraps, remnants of food. V. iii. p. 155.
Franchise: extended exercise. III. i. p. 87.
Franklin: yeoman under the Feudal system. III. ii. p. 92.
Fraught: burden. I. i. p. 30.
Freeness: generosity. V. v. p. 189.
Fretted: adorned in bas-relief. II. iv. p. 79.
Friend: lover. I. iv. p. 41.
Frighted: scared. II. iii. p. 73.
From the matter: beyond his merits. I. iv. p. 39.
Furnaces: belches forth like heat from a furnace. I. vi. p. 53.
Gain: restore. IV. ii. p. 132.
Gallowses: gallows. V. iv. p. 168.
Geck: dupe. V. iv. p. 162.
Gentle: *i.e.* of birth. IV. ii. p. 125.
Gentry: the patricians. III. vii. p. 121.
Giglot: wanton. III. i. p. 85.
Gilded: flushed, coloured. V. iii. p. 155.
Glorious: devoted to what is exalted. I. vi. p. 50.
Go back: recant, go back on herself. I. iv. p. 42.
Go before: excel. V. iii. p. 152.
Go even with: accept the guidance of. I. iv. p. 40.
Great court: important court meeting. III. v. p. 110.
Great morning: broad day. IV. ii. p. 126.
Grief: *i.e.* for those killed in battle. II. iv. p. 75.
Guise: habit, custom. V. i. p. 151.
Gyves: fetters. V. iv. p. 159.
Habits: garments. V. i. p. 151.
Hand-fast: marriage engagement. I. v. p. 49.
Hangings: fruit. III. iii. p. 95.
Haply: perhaps. III. iii. p. 94; IV. i. p. 122.
Happy: skilful, accomplished. III. iv. p. 106.
Hardiment: hardihood, bravery. V. iv. p. 162.
Hardness: hardship. III. vi. p. 116.
Have at it: here's my story. V. v. p. 184.
Have with you: take me with you. IV. iv. p. 149.
Having: possessions. I. ii. p. 34.
Haviour: condition, attitude. III. iv. 98.

Head: armed force. IV. ii. p. 130.
Heaved to head: lifted to my mouth. V. v. p. 176.
Heavens: "obey the ——," respond to astral influences. I. i. p. 24.
Hiding for a livery: a base hireling, fit only for a servant's livery. II. iii. p. 72.
Hind: slave. V. iii. p. 157.
Hold: retreat. III. vi. p. 116.
Holp: helped. V. v. p. 189.
Home: completely. III. v. p. 112.
Horse-hairs: fiddle-bow. II. iii. p. 67.
How much: as much. IV. ii. p. 123.
Hunt: game, quarry. III. vi. p. 120.
Ignorant baubles: toys, such as only the inexperienced would venture on our 'terrible seas.' III. i. p. 85.
Imperceiverant: undiscerning. IV. i. p. 122.
Imperious: imperial. IV. ii. p. 124.
Importance: cause, matter. I. iv. p. 40.
Importantly: momentously. IV. iv. p. 148.
Injurious: insulting. IV. ii. p. 127.
Instruct: inform. IV. ii. p. 142.
Insultment: insult. III. v. p. 114.
Into: unto. I. vi. p. 58.
Irregulous: lawless. IV. ii. p. 139.
Issues: actions, procedures. II. i. p. 62.
Jay: gaudy, wanton. III. iv. p. 100.
Jealousy: suspicion. IV. iii. p. 145.
Jet: strut. III. iii. p. 92.
Join his honour: unite his noble services. I. i. p. 25.
Journal: daily. IV. ii. p. 123.
Jovial: jove-like, 'supremely glorious.' IV. ii. p. 139; *i.e.* propitious, happy. According to ancient astrology Jupiter (Jove) was the most fortunate of all stars to be born under. V. iv. p. 163.
Jump: risk. V. iv. p. 167.
Kitchen-trulls: kitchen-maids. V. v. p. 177.
Knowing: accomplishment. I. iv. p. 39; II. iii. p. 71.
Knowledge: "no guess in ——," no well-grounded conjecture, even. I. i. p. 26.
Label: tablet. V. v. p. 190.
Laboursome: elaborate. III. iv. p. 105.
Laming: crippling (*i.e.* far outshining). V. v. p. 177.
Lapped: wrapped. V. v. p. 186.
Late: lately, recently. I. i. p. 24; II. ii. p. 65.
Lay: wager. I. iv. p. 44.
Lay the leaven on: foment corruption in. III. iv. p. 100.
Leaned: yielded. I. i. p. 27.
Leans: totters. I. v. p. 48.
Left: ceased. I. iii. p. 36.
Lend: give (satisfy my hunger). III. vi. p. 116.
Less: more; "without *less*," with less (posthumous, having been an orphan from birth and dependent on the king's bounty). I. iv. p. 39.
Liegers: resident ambassadors. I. v. p. 49.
Like: likely. II. iv. p. 75; as. III. iii. p. 94; the same. IV. ii. p. 135.
Limb meal: limb from limb. II. v. p. 82.
Line: put a bribe of gold in. II. iii. p. 69.
Locks: hobbles. V. iv. p. 158.
Long of her: through her, by her doing. V. v. p. 181.
Looks us: appears to us. III. v. p. 109.
Lucina: the goddess of childbirth. V. iv. p. 161.
Lud's town: the old name of London. III. i. p. 86.

Madded: maddened. IV. ii. p. 139.
Madding: maddening. II. ii. p. 65.
Makes: causes. I. vi. p. 52.
Man: to the stature of a man, to manhood. IV. ii. p. 129.
Martial: like that of Mars. IV. ii. p. 139.
Mary-buds: marigolds. II. iii. p. 67.
Match: arrangement. III. vi. p. 117.
Mean affairs: on common business. III. iii. p. 90.
Means abroad: as to your means during your roamings. III. iv. p. 106.
Mercurial: swift and light, like that of Mercury. IV. ii. p. 139.
Mere: utter. IV. ii. p. 128; only. V. v. p. 185.
Mineral: poison. V. v. p. 171.
Minion: darling, favourite. II. iii. p. 68.
Moe: more. V. iii. p. 157.
Moiety: half. I. iv. p. 43.
Mortal: deadly. I. iv. p. 40.
Motion: impulse. III. i. p. 83.
Motives: "your three ——," the motives of you three." V. v. p. 188.
Mows: grimace. I. vi. p. 52.
Mutest: most inactive. I. vi. p. 56.
Nature: "brief ——," mortal attributes. V. v. p. 177.
Naughty: wicked. V. v. p. 182.
Neat-herd: cattle drover. I. i. p. 31.
Nice: whimsical, capricious. II. v. p. 83.
Niceness: shyness. III. iv. p. 105.
Noble: of noble birth (used contemptuously). III. iv. p. 104.
Note: prescription (naming the flowers required). I. v. p. 46; honour. II. iii. p. 72; notice, observation. IV. iii. p. 146; "our ——," inquiring about us. IV. iv. p. 148.
Nothing-gift: worthless show of honour. III. vi. p. 120.
Now: at present. V. iii. p. 157.
Numbered: made up of vast numbers. I. vi. p. 52.
Occasions: beyond my requirements. V. v. p. 172.
'Ods pittikins!: 'God's pity,' a petty oath. IV. ii. p. 138.
O'ergrown: *i.e.* with hair and beard. IV. iv. p. 148.
Of: over. IV. i. p. 23.
Offered mercy: probably 'pardon granted just too late.' I. iii. p. 36.
On's: of us. V. v. p. 184.
Orbs: orbits. V. v. p. 187.
Ordered: "more ——," better disciplined. II. iv. p. 75.
Ordinance: the ordering of Providence. IV. ii. p. 131.
Or e'er: rather than. V. iii. p. 91.
Or look: before glancing. II. iv. p. 75.
Out-peer: surpass. III. vi. p. 120.
Outsell: out-value. II. iv. p. 79; III. v. p. 111.
Outstood: outstayed, exceeded. I. vi. p. 60.
Overbuys me: outvalues me by. I. i. p. 31.
Owe: own. III. i. p. 86.
Packing: plotting. III. v. p. 111.
Paid: punished. IV. ii. p. 136.
Paléd in: impaled, fenced in. III. i. p. 85.
Pander: accomplice. III. iv. p. 99.
Panged: pained. III. iv. p. 102.
Pantler: keeper of the pantry. II. iii. p. 72.
Paragon: model of perfection. III. vi. p. 117.
Partisan: halberd. IV. ii. p. 144.
Parts: qualities. III. v. p. 111.
Passable: able to be passed, allowing passage. I. ii. p. 34.
Passage: occurrence. III. iv. p. 102.
Peculiar care: private concern. V. v. p. 172.
Peevish: foolish. I. vi. p. 52.

Penetrate: touch, reach. II. iii. p. 66.
Penitent instrument: repentance and atonement that will suffice. V. iv. p. 159.
Perfect: perfectly aware. III. i. p. 87; IV. ii. p. 129.
Perforce: forcibly. III. i. p. 87.
Pervert: ward off, circumvent. II. iv. p. 82.
Point: "at ——," on the point of. III. i. p. 85; III. vi. p. 116.
Post: hasten. V. v. p. 178.
Posting: rushing. III. iv. p. 99.
Postures: attitudes. V. v. p. 177.
Powers: armed forces. III. v. p. 108.
Practice: conspiracy, plot. V. v. p. 178.
Prefer: recommend. II. iii. p. 68; IV. ii. p. 143; exalt. V. v. p. 135.
Preferred: committed. IV. ii. p. 144.
Preferment: better position. V. v. p. 168.
Pregnant: evident. IV. ii. p. 140.
Presently: at once. II. iii. p. 73.
Prides: "change of ——," capricious in sources of personal pride or vanity. II. v. p. 83.
Prince it: play the prince. III. iii. p. 96.
Prize: importance, eminence. III. vi. p. 119.
Probation: proof. V. v. p. 186.
Prone: ready. V. iv. p. 167.
Proof: experience. I. vi. 53; III. iii. p. 87, 93.
Proper: honourable, loyal. III. iv. p. 100; own. IV. ii. p. 128.
Prunes: preens. V. iv. p. 164.
Pudency: modesty. II. v. p. 83.
Put on this: instigate the murder of Imogen. V. i. p. 150.
Puttock: kite. I. i. p. 31.
Quartered fires: camp fires in the enemy's lines or *quarters*. IV. iv. p. 148.
Quench: grow cool. I. v. p. 48.
Ramps: leaps. I. vi. p. 57.
Rangers: Nymphs. II. iii. p. 69. (*See* Notes.)
Raps: transports. I. vi. p. 52.
Rare: acute, penetrating. I. i. p. 31.
Ravening: devouring. I. vi. p. 52.
Reck: care. IV. ii. p. 131.
Recoil: degenerate. I. vi. p. 56.
Referred herself unto: committed herself into the hands of. I. i. p. 24.
Relation: gossip. II. iv. p. 78.
Remain: "the ——," that remains to be said. III. i. p. 88.
Remainders: "good ——," the good, who remain here while I, the bad, depart. I. i. p. 30.
Render: confession, giving an account. IV. iv. p. 147; "stricter ——," less complete satisfaction. V. iv. p. 159 (*see* Notes); tell. V. v. p. 175.
Repented: regretted. V. v. p. 171.
Report: "suffer the ——," admit of being reported. I. iv. p. 40; reputation. III. iii. p. 95.
Resty: inactive, languid. III. vi. p. 117.
Retire: retreat. V. iii. p. 155.
Revolts: rebels. IV. iv. p. 147.
Ripely: speedily. III. v. p. 108.
Romish: Roman. I. vi. p. 57.
Ruddock: robin. IV. ii. p. 135.
Safe: sound. IV. ii. p. 130.
Sample: model. I. i. p. 26.
Satisfy: make reparation, atone. V. iv. p. 159.
Saucy: wanton. I. vi. p. 57.
Saving reverence: 'if you will pardon'; from '*save your reverence*,' a phrase in common use to excuse indecorous speech. IV. i. p. 122.
Scorn: mockery. V. iv. p. 164.
Scriptures: letters (which she had believed to be infallible) III. iv. p. 101.

Sear up: decay, wither away; with the second meaning 'cere' (which some editors have substituted) = seal up, cover with wax, as a shroud ('the bond of death') is immersed in melted wax. I. i. p. 29.

See: see each other. I. i. p. 30.

Seem as does the king: reflect the king's humour. I. i. p. 24.

Seeming: semblance of truth. V. v. p. 191.

Self-figured: formed by themselves. II. iii. p. 72.

Sense: "from ——," beyond comprehension. V. v. p. 190.

Senseless: unconscious. II. iii. p. 68.

Senseless of: insensible to. I. i. p. 31.

Serving: use, in wearing them. III. iv. p. 106.

Set up: instigate. III. iv. p. 102.

Shame: modesty. V. iii. p. 154.

Shaped unto: fulfilled. V. v. p. 186.

Sharded: protected. (*Shard* = the scaly wing-case.) III. iii. p. 93.

Shes: women. I. vi. p. 52.

Shop: collection, store. V. v. p. 177.

Short: impair. I. vi. p. 59.

Shot: score, bill. V. iv. p. 166.

Shrine: *i.e.* statue contained in the shrine. V. v. p. 177.

Sign: outward appearance. I. i. p. 35.

Silly: simple, plain. V. iv. p. 157.

Simular: distorted, concocted. V. v. p. 178.

Single oppositions: particular accomplishments. IV. i. p. 122.

Sirrah: used when addressing inferiors. III. v. p. 111.

Slight in sufferance: remiss in overlooking her conduct. III. v. p. 109.

Sluttery: sluttishness, 'debauchery itself.' I. vi. p. 52. (*See* Notes.)

Snuff: burnt wick. I. vi. p. 54.

Soldier: braced and relentless like a soldier. III. iv. p. 106.

Something: somewhat. I. i. p. 28; I. iv. p. 43.

Sometime: once. V. v. p. 185.

Spectacles: organs of vision. I. vi. p. 52.

Sprighted: haunted. II. iv. p. 73.

Sprightly: "be ——," take heart. III. vi. p. 119.

Springe: the dew. II. iii. p. 67.

Spritely shows: spirit-forms. V. v. p. 190.

Spurs: spreading roots of a tree. IV. ii. p. 126.

Stamp: coin. V. iv. p. 159.

Stand: the station of the hunters in wait for the game. II. iii. p. 69.

Starve: perish of cold (the word was not restricted formerly to its present use). I. iv. p. 45.

States: men of high rank. III. iv. p. 99.

Statist: statesman. II. iv. p 75.

Still: continually. II. v. p. 83; always. V. v. p. 181.

Story: *i.e.* the subject embroidered on the tapestry. II. ii. p. 64.

Straight-pight: erect. V. v. p. 177.

Strange: a stranger, a foreigner. I. vi. p. 52.

Stride: overstep. III. iii. p. 94.

Supplyant: auxiliary. III. vii. p. 121.

Sur-addition: surname. I. i. p. 25.

Sweet: sweetheart. I. v. p. 49.

Swerve: go astray. V. iv. p. 164.

Sympathy: likeness of circumstance. V. iv. p. 165.

Synod: assembly of the gods. V. iv. p. 163.

Tables: tablets. III. ii. p. 90.

Take: take payment. III. vi. p. 116.

Take in: overthrow. III. ii. p. 88; conquer. IV. ii. p. 129.

Talents: "beyond all ——," priceless possession. I. vi. p. 54.
Tanlings: sun-burned boys. IV. iv. p. 148.
Targes of proof: shields of tested metal. V. v. p. 168.
Temper: mix. V. v. p. 181.
Tenantius: the father of Cymbeline. I. i. p. 25.
Tent: probe. III. iv. p. 103.
Thereto: besides. IV. iv. p. 148.
Thick: rapidly, 'with a torrent of words.' III. ii. p. 91.
Thunder-stone: thunder-bolt. IV. ii. p. 137.
Tinct: colour. II. ii. p. 64.
Tir'st on: eagerly preyest on (a term in falconry). III. iv. p. 102.
Title: "in ——," nominally. I. iv. p. 42.
Together: each other. I. iv. p. 40.
Tomboys: bold, wanton women. I. vi. p. 56.
To them: in addition to those already in Britain. IV. ii. p. 140.
Touch: pang. I. i. p. 31.
Toys: trifles. IV. ii. p. 133.
Trims: adornments. III. iv. p. 105.
Troth: the truth. V. v. p. 182.
Trow: I wonder. I. vi. p. 52.
Tune: voice. V. v. p. 180.
Twinned: alike as twins, indistinguishable for resemblance. I. vi. p. 52.
Unbent: with unbent bow. III. iv. p. 103.
Undergo: carry out, perform. I. iv. p. 44.
Undertake: give satisfaction (in combat). II. i. p. 61.
Unpaved: castrated. II. iii. p. 67.
Unprizable: invaluable. I. iv. p. 42.
Unspeaking: lacking power of expression. V. v. p. 177.
Untwine: stop twining with. IV. ii. p. 126.
Up-cast: a rival's throw, directed straight up. II. i. p. 60.
Use: "during their ——," so long as we are useful to them. IV. iv. p. 147.
Utterance: extreme defiance. (Fr., *à l'outrance*=to the death.) III. i. p. 87.
Vantage: opportunity. I. iii. p. 37; II. iii. p. 68.
Venge: avenge. I. vi. p. 55.
Ventures: those who hazard their souls for gold. I. vi. p. 56.
Verbal: explicit. II. iii. p. 71.
Walk: walk aside, withdraw. I. i. p. 33.
Watch: wakefulness. III. iv. p. 99.
Watching: keeping awake for. II. iv. p. 78.
Weeds: garments. V. i. p. 151.
Windows: eyelids. II. ii. p. 64.
Wink: close their eyes. V. iv. p. 167.
Winking: closed. II. iii. p. 67; blind. II. iv. p. 79.
Winter-ground: a gardening expression for 'placing in a protected place for wintering.' IV. ii. p. 135.
Woodman: hunter. III. vi. p. 117.
Worms: snakes. III. iv. p. 99.
Wrings: writhes. III. vi. p. 119.
Write against: denounce. II. v. p. 83.
Wrying: deviating from duty. V. i. p. 150.
You're best: you had better. III. ii. p. 92.

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